

## Speaking of it Again

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Category: Lord of the Rings

Genre: Adventure, Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-12 22:56:34

Updated: 2016-04-12 22:56:34

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:03:05

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,696

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Sequel to We Must Never Speak of This Again. Sauron wants his Nazgul back, and Saruman will do anything he can to find the one responsible for killing it. Unfortunately, that's Lily. Meanwhile, Olivia slaps Denethor. Again. The Fellowship had their turn in our world, now it's our turn to visit theirs. Maybe we'll even get milk dumped on us.

## Speaking of it Again

\_A/N: TimeyWimeyINTJ: This is the sequel to a story I posted, We Must Never Speak of This Again.\_

\_StrangerInBabylon: Okay, it's beenâ€| two years since then. Yikes.

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\_TimeyWimeyINTJ: So, the style and quality of our writing has changed quite a lot. \_

\_StrangerInBabylon: What do we even name this?\_

\_TimeyWimeyINTJ: We'll get to that in a minute. This is long in coming, but it's here. Finally. If you haven't read the original story, I'd suggest you do because this doesn't really work as a stand-alone.\_

\_StrangerInBabylon: Yeah, but what do we call it?\_

\_TimeyWimeyINTJ: You could ask me out loud. We are sitting right next to each other, after all. Anyway, I don't know. Let's finish the author's note first.\_

\_StrangerInBabylon: Okay. What do you think we should call it?\_

\_TimeyWimeyINTJ: o\_o\_

\* \* \*

><p>"Denethor, your soup, sir-</p>

"Not now!" Denethor swept past the lowly serving girl, stalking up to the tower. His mind full of portents of doom, orcs assembling for the siege of his beloved city, strange creatures half as high as a man- and two children. In another world.

He locked the high tower door behind him. There it was. The Palantir. He sat down in front of it and pulled the fabric off. The dark stone seemed to grow, whispering to him. He placed his hands on it, and the darkness took hold of his vision.

\_Isenguardâ€| Sarumanâ€| A dark forceâ€| \_

\_Saruman stood in his tower, looking out over the ruined forests. Orcs swarmed over the muddied ground, pulling up trees and defiling the river. Laying a wizened hand on the open book before him, he closed his eyes, then swore virulently- no, it was some kind of incantation-\_

\_The other hand flew up, slamming down again, as if casting something foul from himself.\_

\_Below, on the plains of once beautiful Isenguard, a great violet crack screamed into existence, floating in the dank air, thin and flat, like parchment, pulsing, whisperingâ€| \_

\_The host of orcs halted staring up at it wonderingly.\_

\_Saruman the White breathed heavily, then hissed inaudibly. Orc captains far below heard the order, beginning to clamor and beat their subordinates into a frenzy.\_

"\_FORWARD!" \_

\_The old man's voice vaulted from the window, rushing through the steaming horde-\_

\_The black mass launched at the gaping wound in the skin of the world, vanishing into the beyond. \_

\_Images come thick and fast after that, green lawn, yellow house, Mithrandir and his little band, the squalid ranger, tall elf, squat dwarf and- a girl? Younger indeed than a cooking maid, yet wild, swinging her brilliant blade as if she were born to it. \_

\_A little time later, the lot of them in retreat and he, himself appears. Denethor strokes his cheek. It ceased stinging days before, but seeing her again, younger still than the other- The impertinence!\_

"\_YOU ARE A JERK!"\_

\_She attacked him! Actually attacked him! Shocking, even now. More shocking then, though. He cringed, he had been preparing for bed when it happened, a violet flash and the searing brightness of another world. He had had trouble keeping the composure befitting one of his station- And that was before being struck by a mere girl! \_

\_Then at the close of the battle, Mithrandir, holding the crack open by the strength of his will, The elder girl and -\_

\_The vision shook as his hold on the palantir loosened slightly.\_

"My son-" He cut himself off, "I must concentrate!"

Gripping the palantir, he screwed his eyes shut.

\_Boromir and the girl, talking. Mithrandir shouts something, probably interrupting them, and\_-

\_Ha! They lift the old man bodily and thrust him through! Well done! Now it is just the two of them, Boromir is saying something, if only he could hear\_-

Denethor tightens his hold on the palantir, holding his breath, listening with all his might.

" . . . I have always wished to do that." The voice of his beloved son echos in his mind.\_

"No problem," the girl smiles, besmirched with dirt, hair tangled, thick and dark, long coat of red leather hanging below her knees, "now git, Sir Boromir."\_-

"An honor, lady Lilian." Boromir extends his hand, bowing slightly. But either she doesn't notice this or she ignores him, as, instead of taking his hand, she gestures insistently to the portal. Honorable man that he is, Boromir passes over the insult, exiting through the crack as the girl desired. \_

"My son. My gentleman son." A prideful smile curled over Denethor's tense features. Yet the vision does not terminate with the healing of the violet wound.

\_The two girls walk back to the house, well, one walks, the other dances madly with her blade.\_

\_Suddenly the skies turn dark, a blood-curdling shriek fills his mind, darkness, somewhere in the house, he watches, bewitched, as the creature stalks her, corners her, and\_-

\_Words, shouting, she is shouting something at it, the vision is soundless again.\_

\_How?! A girl! A mere girl without any weapon- How?! The creature attempts to flee, but too late- \_

\_It is destroyed. \_

\_The vision goes dark. A voice, terrible, burning with anger- The voice of Sauron himself.\_

"\_S-SARUMAN! "\_

"\_Yes, my lord?"\_

"\_YOU S-SENT ONE OF MY NAZGUL ACROSS THE VOID!"\_

\_Saruman's voice quavered, "Iâ€œ Did not order it-\_"

"\_THERE ARE NINE NO LONGER! ONLY EIGHT HAVE RETURNED TO ME!"\_

"\_I- I did not, my lord- I am sorry! Master-\_"

\_Denethor shook, terror gripping him as the voice tore into Saruman. It lasted only a second, but it felt like longer. Finally, the voice cooled.\_

"\_\*\*Bring her to me, Saruman. Or you will replace my nazgul, yourself."\*\*\_

The vision stopped, and Denethor came to his senses with a jolt. He jerked the fabric back over the Palantir.

So, Sauron wanted the girl. Those creatures, Nazgul, as he had named them, were awful, but something that could destroy them? With such power, he might be able to save Gondor yet. If Saruman brought it to Sauron- No, he decided, he wasn't going to let that happen. He had to get the girl first. He would get both of them. How?

He flew down the stairs, cursing as his robes kept conspiring to trip him. Though he had never been to it himself, Mithrandir and that bookish son of his had searched it before. He was sure that somewhere in the library, there would be something which could summon creatures from other worlds. He brushed past a maid, nearly knocking her over.

"My lord!" She called, "Slow down, you're going to fall to your death!"

"Not now!" He yelled, rushing down another flight. Finally, he found the library. A huge room, full of dust, books, quills, and candles.

\* \* \*

><p>Saruman, still shaking, pulled himself to his hands and knees.</p>

"Get the girl." He grunted, rising unsteadily to his feet. Limping to the nearest bookshelf, he began to scan the titles.

\* \* \*

><p>Denethor threw himself on the floor of the library. He jammed the quill into the ink bottle, peering at the faded diagram. A circle. He had to make a circle. Did it have to be a perfect circle? The parchment didn't say. Crawling on all fours, he scrawled out a wide circle on the stone floor. Out of ink. He refilled the quill, glancing at the parchment. Fill it in? Fill in the whole circle?! He started scribbling madly.</p>

\* \* \*

><p>Saruman leaned heavily on the black marble shelf, clawing at the book. His fingers stung, still burning from the palantir. He pulled

it out, then flipped it open. As he read, he muttered under his breath, causing a large basin to appear on his desk, a sickly yellow liquid bubbling up from its center.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>"Haaach!" Denethor picked up the quill from the floor. He'd dropped it, again.<p>

"I'm too old for this!" He had succeeded in coating a section of floor about the size of his palm. He threw down the quill, and the bottle, shattering it against the ancient stone. Snatching a brush off a low table, he began to spread the splashed ink out.

"Ouch!" A piece of the broken bottle had pierced his arm. He was covered in ink now, but he was nearly done filling in.

\* \* \*

><p>Trying not to let his mounting frustration cause him to miss a single word, Saruman turned page after page. Opening another rift would not do, this had to be far more specific-<p>

He stopped. Laying one throbbing finger on the line of text, he smiled.

\* \* \*

><p>Jumping up, Denethor cast about for his quill. Where had he thrown it? Nevermind. He grabbed a new quill and a jar of ink from a shelf and got down on the floor again. Flicking his eye from the ink spattered parchment to the floor and back again, he began to copy the runes, scrambling along the outside of the circle.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Saruman rolled the incantation around his mind, making sure he would be able to pronounce it properly. Rereading the text, he moved to stand by the desk, the brimming basin well within reach. He took in a deep breath, letting it out in a flurry of fluid syllables.<p>

A hazy image appeared before him in the center of the room. He took another breath, repeating it over again. The image was becoming clearer every secondâ€¦

\* \* \*

><p>One last stroke of his quill, and done. He stood up, knees aching. He backed away.<p>

Nothing happened. The ink remained an untidy pool on the floor. Had he worked too quickly? Had he done the symbols wrong? He couldn't tell, the parchment was almost completely saturated in ink. Then the writing started to glow. Red-gold light shone through the symbols. Now the circle was flushing scarlet, swirling and shifting. The smoldering glow shot upward, suddenly too bright to look at directly, a column of sunlight and churning ink. In the light there was a sort of outline, a shadowy shape. No, two shapes. With a flash the light vanished.

The two maids stood before him, well, one stood. She had short hair now, and spectacles, and a confused, furious expression.

"What!?"

End  
file.